The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

VOL. 15.---NO. 15. SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1859. WHOLE NO. 737.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

[By the following article from the Cleveland Leader it would appear that the kidnapper of Seaman finds the Jordon he has chosen a hard road to travel.]

THE MAN HARTMAN.

George Hartman stayed in the Jail during Wednesday night, not caring to trust himself outside. The jail was watched we understand, by a party of negroes who would have given him a rough reception if he had ventured out. Yesterday morning about 9 o'clock he left the jail as stealthily as possible, in the hope of getting to the New England House, where he boarded. Sharp eyes however saw him, and he was compelled to take refuge in Andrew's Saloon on Seneca street. This not being permanent quarters he endeavored to escape through the back yard, but was caught by Andrew's big dog, which would have speedily disabled him if he had not been called off. Hartman soon made his escape from here and succeeded in reaching the New England, though closely followed by incensed negroes. Here he armed himself and suffered no further molestation. He probably left the city upon the 7.6 Columbus train last evening.

It is sad to think how this dark deed of his has ruined his prospects for life in this city, and wherever in the north the story has been read. Industrious, honest and attentive to business, he had a good prospect before him of becoming a worthy and respected citizen of Cleveland. He was no rowdy, or "rough," but, so far as we can learn was worthy of the confidence of those who knew him. And yet by his connection with this affair, he has done himself such a lasting injury as no amount of money can ever make good. He has forfeited his privilege of living in this city, if anywhere, and has narrowly escaped paying the penalty of his life for his rascality. For, however illegal the act would have been, his life would not have been worth a straw if the negroes had reached him on Monday. Like a guilty dog, he has been compelled to fly from covert to covert to escape the wrath of his pursuers, and he is a self-imposed exile from the city of his home. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard.

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From the Minnesota State News.

THE VICTOR AND THE VANQUISHED.

In our estimate of the wisdom and folly of human actions, we rarely make due allowance for the applause which success brings with it, and the contempt which invariably follows defeat. We are apt to give men honor for the mere accident of coming out first in the race, without weighing the circumstances which compassed their triumph, or the motives which prompted it.

We are too apt to glorify victory on account of the dust that rises from the hoofs of the chase, and from the insane shouts of the rabble of thoughtless men who are ever ready to hurrah for the winner without a why or a wherefore; too apt to condemn the vanquished, because of the jeers and hisses which follow them from every mob, rather than to try them by the great central intention, the single purpose, which is, perhaps, the inspiring motives of their lives.

Galileo was imprisoned for his celestial thought which enabled him to bring down creation at his feet, and soar on wings of science, beyond the dull vision of his time. When Fulton launched his trial-boat upon the Hudson, wise skeptics came condescendingly to the river bank, and, looking at the frail experiment, exclaimed with tearful eyes, "Poor fool! What a pity it is that he is crazy!"

In fact, we are not sure but the martyred inmate of a Lunatic Asylum, down east, was somewhere near true philosophy, who, in reply to a question as to how he came there, said, "Well, you see, my friend, I insisted that the world was crazy and they insisted that I was crazy—and they out-voted me!"

Reformers, pioneers, and inventors in every age have had to pass this ordeal—to be called fools and fanatics, and ostracised by conservative wealth and beetle-visioned talent, and hissed and stoned by the boys on the street corners—*till they succeed;* then, to be feted, feasted and deified in the catalogue of heroes and sages.

Now, in precisely this connection and illustrative of just this difference between success and defeat, we desire to ask a couple of questions referring to recent startling events which have passed into the history of this Republic.

Suppose that "Old John Brown," as truly inspired as was Joan of Arc, with the strange idea that he was specially commissioned by the Lord of Hosts to go out and redeem 4,000,000 of his fellow countrymen from bondage, had gone to Harper's Ferry, as he did, with a few brother patriots; suppose that, instead of the fatal betrayal, the most profound secrecy had been maintained to the end, suppose that his little nucleus had been reinforced by sympathising fugitive-slaves from the North, and by energetic slaves of the South, till it had reached a formidable array, bent on the violent overthrow of the wickedest institution that ever darkened the earth; suppose that the final uprising had been successful, and the insurrection, spreading throughout all the South, had so strengthened 'Old Brown' that he was enabled to march through every Southern State, *from Harper's Ferry to Galveston,* exterminating the accursed institution by fire and sword, tempering his acts with all possible mercy and humanity, (as he did,) but persisting in the fight till he had driven the last slaveholder into the Gulf of Mexico, or forced him to cease his infernal traffic in human beings; then suppose that the *conquering* "Hero of Osawatomie" had retired to his once desolated, but now restored farm in Kansas, to enjoy in peace all the rights of an American citizen, and contemplate with satisfaction, during the brown autumn of his life, the strides of a once weak and disgraced, but now happy, prosperous and truly glorious Republic!—*what would be the verdict of posterity five hundred years hence, upon the same* "*Old John Brown,*" *who is so defeated and stigmatized to-day?*

"The right of revolution" is one of the first principles which the platform of Human Freedom bears. In the light of this fact we desire to ask Mr. Johnson of the *Express,* Mr. Purdy of the *Plaindealer,* the *Pioneer* man, and all others who insist that the immediate compression of John Brown's jugular vein is the only thing that can "save the Union," what they think would be the just, impartial verdict of generations yet unborn?—One more question, and we are done.

Suppose a nameless surveyor, rambling through the woods of Western Virginia some 84 or 85 years ago had somehow become possessed of the same singular hallucination under which "Old John Brown" is laboring, *viz:* that he and his countrymen were being oppressed by a gigantic Despotism; and suppose that, impelled by this insane delusion, he had *plotted an insurrection!*—gathered a few hundred other ragged fanatics together, resisted the authorities, and, exercising all magnanimity and mercy consistent with warfare, had gone on *to establish a Provisional Government!* Suppose that he had won a few battles—enough to test his courage and strategy,—and, in the flush of victory, had conceived the mad and reckless intention to overthrow, with his handful of hungry, squalid, bare-footed, raw militia, the whole Government of Great Britian, that had matchless navies riding on every sea, and hundreds of thousands of armed soldiery within its call! Suppose that the crazy surveyor—the weak but desperate chaser of an Idea—had met the British regulars at Yorktown, and instead of capturing Cornwallis, suppose Cornwallis had captured *him;* suppose he had been hurriedly put through a military Court, *convicted of treason and hanged*—what would have been the verdict of his time respecting *him?* We hazard nothing in saying that he would not be idolized and canonized as he is to-day, for he would be the vanquished instead of the victor. His immediate friends and compatriots would no doubt have mourned him as a martyr to his faith, as John Brown's will mourn *their* leader; but the world—the inconsiderate people of his time—would have looked upon him as a deluded, impracticable visionary, and if they had vouchsafed to him the poor consideration of a tombstone, they would have written on it

Go WASHINGTON.
AG. 48.
HANGED FOR REBELLION
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We find in the *Atlantic Messenger,* an account of an Anti-Slavery Convention at Cape Cod; the following (among other) resolutions were presented, and the appended remarks made.

MEETING AT CAPE COD.

THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION.

1. Resolved, That "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," therefore it is the right and duty of the slaves to resist their masters [by such means as each deems right and proper,]* and it is the right and duty of the people of the North to incite them to [such]* resistance, and to aid them by such means as they shall think just and expedient, to free themselves from the power that crushes them.

2. Resolved, That Capt. John Brown and his associates, in their efforts to excite and assist the slaves to insurrection against their oppressors, acted in accordance with the essential spirit and principles of the Declaration of Independence, and of the governmental and religious institutions of our country, and also with the spirit of the precept, as it is generally understood, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

3. Resolved, That the heroic bearing of John Brown, in taking and holding Harper's Ferry,—in defending himself and *those* who were against the attack made upon him,—and his calmness and self possession as he lay wounded and bleeding in the engine-house, and in his sublimely heroic bearing during his trial, conviction, and sentence to die upon the gibbet, has never been surpassed, and only in a few instances equalled in the history of the world. May his heroism inspire us all with a nobler, manlier courage!

Mr. Foss spoke to the Harper's Ferry resolutions. He had known something about that insurrection, before as well as since it had transpired. He was not a non-resistant himself. "If any one should attempt to interfere with him or any of his to enslave them, he thought there would be a funeral in somebody's family very soon. Yet he was not prepared to vote for them in their present shape. It was the excellence of the anti-slavery platform that it was free; that it imposed no test upon its members except uncompromising hostility to slavery. He could, for his own part, freely endorse every word of the resolutions, but he was averse to instituting any new test which would cut off from the society Mr. Garrison and other non-resistants. He did not understand how his friend Wright could go for them; for he is a non-resistant,—at least he is all the time telling us so. [Laughter.]

Mr. Wright explained that he felt sure there was nothing in the resolutions inconsistent with the doctrine of non-resistance. He believed in "resistance to tyrants"—moral resistance—which, in this country, has never been aroused. The intellect of the nation has been enlisted in the service of slavery, both in Church and State. He would have the motto, "Resistance to slavery is obedience to God," inscribed everywhere, upon everything,—every one to resist it in his own way. When England would enlist the moral sentiment of her people in favor of West India emancipation, she inscribed appropriate mottoes to that purpose upon her china and crockery ware, "and on almost every article in common and daily use; and this was what we must do.

Mr. Foss hoped Mr. W. would modify his resolutions so as to make them expressive of the kind of resistance be intended. In their present form the whole country would see nothing in them but blood and thunder.

Mr. Wright preferred that the resolution, "Resistance to tyrants," etc., should stand alone, and that the mode of resistance, "every one in his own way," etc., should be expressed in a resolution separate.

Ezekiel Thacher thought we were not in an attitude to resist slavery so long as we retained any connection therewith. We must separate ourselves from it altogether, etc.

Samuel Smith expressed himself as prepared to go the whole figure for physical resistance.

Mr. Wright remarked that the universal North is solemnly pledged to support slavery. It was committed to slaveholders against the slave; and this was a great point toward which public attention must now be directed. He urged this fact with great earnestness, and with the most convincing logic.

Z. H. Small addressed the meeting very pertinently to the subject, saying, in the course of his remarks, that he had as lief be a victim of the cannibals as of the slaveholders. He was followed by Nathaniel Robbins, who spoke briefly but appropriately to the question.

Mr. Foss hoped the resolutions in their present shape would not pass. He had no objection to having them come before the meeting for discussion, but let them end with that. This was a meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Let there be no trammels, no tests. For himself he should not think it wrong to hew his way to liberty through any amount of human flesh and bones. His friend Garrison thought differently.

Mr. Wright offered to amend the first resolution in relation to the Harper's Ferry Insurrection so as to make it read:

Resolved, That resistance to tyrants, BY SUCH MEANS AS EACH ONE DEEMS RIGHT, etc.

He resumed. He was steadily and firmly opposed, on his own part, to physical resistance.—The cause of human liberty, he said, gains more, in the long run, by our suffering and dying for it, than it does by our resisting unto blood.

Mr. Foss liked the amendment proposed by Mr. Wright, and should have no objection to the resolutions if that idea were incorporated in them.

After that, and some other verbal alterations were made, the resolutions were, on motion, adopted.

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*The words in brackets were not in the resolutions, as originally presented by Mr. Wright, but were subsequently added, agreeably to the suggestion of Mr. Foss, as will be seen by the proceedings which ensued thereon.

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From the Philadelphia Press.

THE FAMOUS NEGRO PLOT OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

[illegible] Southampton tragedy of '31 awakens recollections. The following episode, connected with one which occurred at an earlier period, may not be without its interest at this time.]

About sixty years ago, it was discovered that in the neighborhood of Richmond, Virginia, a plan had been devised by the colored people to spread slaughter and devastation among the whites. Three negroes had been seen by their master riding out of his stable yard. This was sufficient to create alarm. On their return, the then absconding blacks were tried by the court of three planters. Though no direct evidence was adduced, yet enough was elicited to induce the belief that there had been an extensive combination formed for dreadful purposes. The Governor of Virginia offered the sum of $10,000, and the gentlemen of the city of Richmond $10,000 more, as a reward to any one who would give information of the head of the project, but no one was tempted to betray the secret.

A few days after the $20,000 reward was offered a little African boy came into a grocery store, in Richmond, and asked for a quart of rum. The grocer asked him for whom he wanted it. He said for his uncle Gabriel.

That African, when twenty-one years of age, had asked his master how much he would take for him. His master replied, 'Gabriel, no money would buy you.' 'But,' said Gabriel, 'should I buy myself?' 'In that case,' said the master, 'I would take five hundred dollars for you.' 'Then I am ready to pay,' said Gabriel. 'Had I thought so,' said the master, 'I would not have made the offer—but, as I have said it, I will not draw back.' Gabriel was manumitted. He then commenced learning the English language, and in a short time learned reading, writing and arithmetic. He was intelligent, sober, and amiable. All the people who knew him esteemed him highly. He was 25 years of age when the reward was offered.

Such was the man who sent his nephew for a jug of rum, which cost him his life. The grocer asked the boy where his uncle Gabriel was. He replied, in the Sally Ann, a vessel, at the dock, just ready to sail for St. Domingo. The grocer told the boy to wait a little for his return. Notice was given to an officer, and Gabriel was apprehended, and then put upon his trial. He thought some one had been tempted by the great reward to betray him, and he confessed the whole. He said their plan was to fire the city at the end opposite the arsenal. Men were appointed to ring the fire-bells, and while the citizens were drawn off to extinguish the fire, they intended to seize the arsenal, rush into the city, and slaughter all indiscriminately, except a few young ladies, who were selected to be the wives of some of the leaders. All these measures Gabriel avowed as his own device. He said that his earliest thoughts were occupied by these plans—that he had traded and increased his stock to $500 at the age of twenty-one—that he had made himself acquainted with learning, with this sole object; that he had traveled, expressly through the Southern States by night, riding down many horses, in preparing the Africans for his measures; and that he had formed, in caves and remote places, deposits for arms. He also told the Court that had not God interfered by a great rain, that so swelled a stream in the neighborhood of Richmond, that his assembled band could not pass, they would not, at that day be sitting as his judges.

'But,' said the court, 'Gabriel, we all esteem you. You have not been thought cruel. How could you devise a scheme of such almost indiscriminate bloodshed?'

Gabriel coolly replied, 'It is not that I delight in the shedding of the blood of men. But there is no other way of procuring our freedom. I love my nation. We have as good a right to be free from oppression as you had to be free from the tyranny of the king of England. I know my fate. You will take my life. I offer it willingly, as a martyr to liberty. My example will raise up a Gabriel, who will, Washington like, lead on the Africans to freedom.'

Gabriel was executed—dying without a murmur, cool, collected, in the faith that his death would not be in vain. These incidents are embodied in a song called 'Gabriel's Defeat,' and set to a tune of the same name, made also by a colored man. The writer of this has heard the tune in Virginia, where it was a favorite air in the dances of the white people; and it need not be added that the song was, and perhaps still is, popular among the colored population of the South.

* * *

From the Agitator.

THE HARPER'S FERRY WAR.

Everybody has, by this time, heard of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. There are but few who do not know that on Sunday night the 16th of October, Capt. John Brown, with a score of men, took possession of the United States Armory, imprisoned twice their number, and for two days kept at bay two thousand armed men. But the terrible conflict ended; the victors were vanquished. Three of the twenty fled to the mountains; others through the gate of death to the land of Freedom, the other six are in a Virginia jail.

The first news of the insurrection sent a chill, a terror, akin to death, to the great human heart. The first questions were: "What will the end of these things be?" "Will the nation be divided against itself?" "Will a people, weary with oppression, rise up and write with blood the history of their captivity, sufferings and deliverance?" These questions are unanswered—the Future will reply.

What a consternation twenty—nay, seventeen men can make! Brave Old Virginia, the mother of heroes, grows pale with terror and asks in her sorrow the United States troops to protect her from a score of foes. The whole nation, with her legion of well trained soldiers, with her wealth of powder, muskets, spears and cannons trembles to-day with the memory of the 17th and 18th days October. The Democrats saw in the Harper's Ferry war a fine opportunity for political capital. Safey cried 'Behold the great evil brought upon us by the non-worshippers at our shrine!' The [illegible] not these men." Many of the friends of Capt. Brown, and his comrades, remember how dear is life, and are clearing their skirts of all knowledge of the contemplated insurrection.

Giddings, Hale, Forbes and Plumb are quite oblivious Capt. Brown's intentions. That they are honest there is no doubt; that their sympathies are on the side of humanity is equally true. Greeley has strangely forgotten his Kansas correspondent, John Kagi; Copeland, hoping to save his life, has turned traitor. Not a few who encouraged Mr. Brown in his hazardous undertaking talk now of "Brown the maniac—the reckless, death-defying Brown." Gerrit Smith is silent and Frederick Douglass, like any sensible man, feels the great importance of breathing English air.

But still there are a few fearless out-spoken hearts who cling lovingly, tenderly to John Brown of Osawatomie. In this trial hour they will be true to that love, and will not put under ban the brave words that spring from their hearts to their lips. Mrs Sturtevant, the only implicated woman, in reply to the charge of aiding the insurrectionists, said: "I did give J. H. Kagi and Capt. Brown a home. I welcomed them as friends of Humanity and I am proud of their friendship." Lydia Maria Child sent her "God help you" to the "brave old man," and asked permission to share his prison and dress his wounds. Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Henry Ward Beecher are writing in letters of living light the name of John Brown.

Theodore Parker will read in his Switzerland cottage home "The Harper's Ferry Insurrection," and his pulses will beat lighter and stronger as he reads, and his great human heart will indite a blessing for the loving souled prison-bound, and it will come over the sea to cheer and console the dying hero.

But these few fearless friends of Freedom will not, cannot save the condemned. 'Blood for blood" is written upon our Statute Books. With the best, the bravest blood of the world, our laws, Civil and Religious have been written, and with the blood of martyrs they will be blotted out.

The old man—the Sampson of the nineteenth century is to-day,

"Shorn of his noble strength and forced to lie
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry."

But he has already done more for the abolishing of Anti-Christian laws than all the ministers and members of Congress have done in the last twenty years.

To-day Freedom's noblest champion lies in prison upon a pallet of straw awaiting his doom. He will die upon the gallows. Even now souls, miscalled human, are clamorous for his death, and are looking to the 2d day of December as to a great gala day—a *blood-feast.* Governor Wise will sign the death warrant and Christian hands will lead the hero of Harper's Ferry forth to die; and a Christian Minister, perhaps, will be there and, in the language of Judge Parker say: "May God have mercy on your soul."

Amid jeers and tears, curses and laudations the spirit of John Brown will be loosed from earth But at the grave's portal the world will not leave him. Three-fourths of the people will applaud the taking of his life. Little children will listen to the story of the execution and their childish lips will be taught to say, "Well done." But in the years to come they will make a pilgrimage to the old man's grave, and strew it with flowers and consecrate the sod above the pulseless heart with tears. So goes the world,

"To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

Of the wisdom of Capt. Brown's scheme it is not time to judge. To the uninitiated it certainly seems a reckless waste of life, but if the *facts* were known—if it was known upon whom and how many he had reason to rely for assistance, quite another verdict might possibly be rendered. There was deep signification in poor Thompson's last words:

"You may kill me, but it will be revenged, there are eighty thousand persons sworn to carry out this work."

We have no love of bondage and little faith in the mission of blood—both belong to the life of Force. What we have hated most, and labored hardest and longest to curse and abolish, is the slavery of Women; still we love and venerate Captain Brown for his large-heartedness, for his Christian sympathy for "those in bonds," and for his principles now Death in terror stands at his gate. He has but lived the doctrine that teaches, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God; and those who condemn him should also condemn the teaching of Jesus and the Revolutionary Fathers.

Capt. Brown and his friend, Kagi, spent several weeks in Cleveland last Spring. Those who had the pleasure of their acquaintance held them in high estimation. We say, in all frankness, that we never had any great love for the name of Brown till we looked into the honest face of the bravest, truest of the family—John, of Osawatomie.

* * *

BATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

[Prominent among the possible nominees of the Republican party for the Presidency, stands Edward Bates, of Missouri. The *St. Louis News,* professing to speak by authority, in quite a lengthy article, gives Mr. Bates' views upon the several points of party politics, which have grown out of the slavery question. In order to see what kind of timber at least one of the Republican aspirants for the Presidency is made of, we copy a few passages of the article referred to:

ITS EXTENSION UNCONSTITUTIONAL EXCEPT BY AFFIRMATIVE LEGISLATION.

Because Mr. Bates does not believe, that slavery is a beneficial institution, either in a social, political or religious sense, he is *unalterably opposed to its extension into territories already free.* Mr. Bates in his political creed, is a Henry Clay Whig; and Mr. Clay declared that [illegible] from his shoulder before he would vote to extend slavery over one foot of territory already free."—Mr. Bates heartily endorses that sentiment, and holds to that creed.

SLAVERY EXTENSION HAS BECOME AN ABSTRACTION.

The principle of the Kansas Nebraska bill in the shape of squatter sovereignty, has rendered the introduction of slavery into territories *impossible,* and the passage of that bill is the work of the national democracy. Mr. Bates merely holds as a *principle* that which the Democracy have established as *a fact.* The question of slavery extension is no longer before the people. It is discussed now only as an abstraction.

FAVORS THE PRINCIPLE OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Mr. Bates believes in the unqualified right of the owner to recover his slaves if they escape to a free state; and if President, he would execute the Fugitive Slave law, if the army and navy of the government were equal to the task. And if the Fugitive Slave law should be repealed, or should be found inadequate to the service of returning absconding slaves to their masters, Mr. Bates would urgently recommend to Congress to pass some law that would more certainly and more acceptably carry out the constitutional guarantees of the rights of southern slaveholders. He would consider the Union a broken compact, if these plain guarantees were denied by the deliberate and persevering action of any part of the Confederacy.

If Congress, clearly representing the will of the country, should pass laws legalizing and protecting slave property in territories previously free, Mr. Bates would execute those laws as promptly as any other laws of the land. If a territory should organize into a State, with a sufficient population to justify its admission, and present a constitution tolerating slavery, Mr. Bates would not oppose the admission of such a state because it had a proslavery constitution.

THE NECESSITY OF PROCURING FOREIGN TERRITORY FOR COLONIZING FREE BLACKS.

He would never under any circumstances, countenance a national organization having in view the interference with slavery in the states. The entire function of the federal government in regard to slavery, in his opinion, should be to protect it where it is—not to extend it where it is not—and, so far as policy and ability may allow, to help those states get clear of it that may wish to do so, by the procurement of foreign territory suitable to the ready and cheap colonization of free blacks, already become a grievous nuisance to every state of the Union, both free and slave. This is a national nuisance, and should begin to find a national remedy. The policy already broached in some states of selling again into slavery the free blacks whom humane or grateful masters have emancipated, unless those freed persons leave the state—when, indeed, all the slave states and many of the free, prohibit their entrance within their limits under heavy penalties, is in the highest degree cruel. It is barbarous. And it would disgrace the American government in the *face* of Christendom to permit such a policy to prevail from the lack of its own intervention to procure a suitable home for these sorely-hunted and distressed freemen of a well-worked and faithful servile race.

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Some 60 or 70 clergymen of the Church of England recently met in London, for the purpose of organizing a new society, to be called the *Pro* Church of England. The prefix they have chosen seems to indicate a move in the right direction.

From the St. Louis Evening News.

THE MADNESS OF DEMOCRATIC ORGANS—SOWING THE SEEDS OF INSURRECTION.

The insanity of Old Brown in supposing that with nineteen white men and five negroes he could overthrow the United States Government, liberate all the slaves in the South, and establish a Provisional Government, with himself and a Cabinet of equal fanatics at the head of affairs, was desperate beyond all human experience. But deplorable and desperate as his folly was, it is even excelled by the foolish madness of the Editors of those journals *published in Slave-holding States* that are trying to make it appear that the Republican party of the country is responsible for Old Brown's deeds, and that they sympathised with the failure of his murderous aims!

As we observed, the other day, the Republican party polled in the late Presidential campaign over 1,300,000 votes. The party has steadily increased since, and would now, no doubt, poll 1,500,000 votes. It is unquestionable, and the returns to the next Congress indicate it, that every Free State in the Union, save two or three, has sided irrevocably with the Republican party, and there is no ebb to the tide that bears public sentiment in the Free States towards the principles of the Republican party, the only one of which affecting Slavery is, that it shall not be extended into Territories or States already free.

Not a single organ of the Republican Party has yet failed to condemn and to execrate the treasonable madness of Old Brown. No member of the Republican party, from one end of the Union to the other, has spoken a word of sympathy for his murderous designs. Such being the fact, patent to all men, we ask, what but the most amazing madness on the part of the Southern newspapers can lead them to charge the Republican Party of the country, and *its million and a half voters,* with complicity with the horrible crimes of *insurrection, treason, rape, arson and murder?* Does not every member of the Republican Party know in his heart, that this charge is an *accursed lie;* and will the million and a half voters of that party be so complaisant as to change their politics or quit voting because of these base libels on their character by Democratic partisan prints? We know better than this. The world knows better. And the result will prove that a party when *aggravated by insult and contumely* is rendered far more formidable than when lulled to peacefulness by the just dealings of an honorable and generous adversary.

What will be the end of these insane libels, circulated through the Slaveholding States by Democratic prints? [illegible] the Republican Party. They will not stay its present triumphant march. They will not prevent its ousting the National Democracy from Federal power, and installing, we trust, a conservative Statesman, like Bates or Bell, in the Presidency. But when this happens, what shall we see in those slaveholding communities where the insane libels of these Democratic prints have circulated? The newspapers will have told the *Slaves* that the triumph of the Republican Party will be the signal of their deliverance from bondage! They will have assured the servile race that the arms and power of the United States Government will, in Republican hands, be used in their behalf in a last grand conflict with their masters.

The credulous and doomed creatures will believe it all—sad, fatal, hell born lie though it be—and they will, dance with frenzied joy around their camp fires some night, and meet a dreadful and exterminating slaughter before the setting of the next day's sun?

Such is the solution of the Slavery question that the Democratic organs and partisans are providing by their desperate libels on a majority of the independent voters of the Union! If these madmen do not bathe the South in the blood of a self-created servile insurrection, it will be because the triumphant opposition of 1860 interpose to suppress servile outbreaks, and to preserve the guarantees of the Constitution and the Union in regard to Slavery, by all the powers of the Federal Government.

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI—ITS PRACTICAL OPERATION.

From a correspondent of the New York Tribune.

ST LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 31, 1859.

We had in this city not long since, a striking illustration of the patriarchal institution of Slavery. A Mississippi gentleman came to this State to supply his plantation, and made his headquarters in this city. Among two or three dozen he bought was a little girl, about nine years old whose complexion was as fair as the average of white children. She attracted some attention, and the purchaser related her history. She was the child of a handsome mulatto woman, and her father was the Hon. James S. Green, United States Senator of this State. Her mother was not the slave of Mr. Green, but owned by a neighbor, for I believe it is the custom among the patriarchs to make an interchange of civilities of this kind. A strange coincidence happened in bringing her to this city. She came with others down the river in a steamboat with her master, and among the passengers was her father. He conversed with her owner about her, and said he would have bought her himself were it not for his wife. I had this information from the owner of the girl. The girl was kept in a slave-pen on Sixth street and was visited by numbers, who had learned her history. The purchaser was a very respectable gentleman, who bought her for a nurse in his family. But who cannot guess her destiny? Here was a child of tender age, apparently white, herding with a lot of common negroes, torn from her mother and doomed to a Mississippi plantation, while her father in the august Senate of the United States, declaims of Liberty. He stands coolly by, while his own child, bearing his own lineaments, is taken forcibly from her mother and driven off with a gang of slaves to a distant land, among strangers, never again to know a mothers' love or caress, but to be thenceforth the victim of a tyrant's lash or lust. She is the innocent proof of his own faithlessness to solemn vows and must be removed to a safe distance.

From the Independent.

A PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN BROWN'S WIFE.

VISIT OF A LADY TO THE CHARLESTOWN JAIL.

I write this morning, on board a steamboat, a hasty account of a personal interview last evening with Mrs. Mary Brown, wife of Capt. John Brown, now under sentence of death in Virginia for having bravely failed in a brave deed.

I am scarcely at liberty to mention at what place Mrs. Brown has lately been staying or whose hospitality she has been sharing. I may say, however, that after her return from Baltimore, where she was stopped on her half made journey to her husband, she has been the guest of a family residing in one of the most beautiful regions of a neighboring state, who have proved themselves kind friends not only to herself but to her husband, and who were the more glad to bid her welcome to their house, because the lady of their household, with her son, had already made a visit to Capt. Brown in his prison at Charlestown since his sentence of death. Mrs. Brown's stay with these friends terminated this morning. She is now on her way to Philadelphia, to meet Mr. Sennott, the counsel for her husband's defense.

I conversed with her during the entire evening. But only ten minutes' acquaintance is enough to show that she is a woman worthy to be the wife of such a man. She is tall, large, and muscular, giving the impression at first sight of a frame capable of great strength and long endurance. Her face is grave and thoughtful, wearing, even in this hour of her trial, an expression of soberness rather than of sadness, as if, like her husband, she had long since learned how to suffer and be calm. Her manner is singularly quiet and retiring, although her natural simplicity and modesty cannot hide the evident force of character, and strength of will and judgment, which have fitted her so long to be a counselor in her husband's enterprises and a supporter in his trials.

She is a native of Whitehall, near Lake Champlain, and has been the mother of thirteen children; but, notwithstanding the cares of her numerous family, and her many privations and struggles independent of household burdens, she still appears as fresh and hale as if she were only now in the prime and vigor of life.

A NEWSPAPER CORRECTION.

The conversation, of course, was of the scenes of Harper's Ferry—both those which have already been enacted, and those which are shortly to follow. She alluded, with subdued though evident emotion, to the wounds of her husband, and to the loss of her two sons, Watson and Oliver, who fell in the struggle. But she made no such remark as that recently attributed to her in a New England newspaper, "that four of her sons had already been slain, and she would be willing that all the rest of her family should be made a sacrifice, if necessary, to the cause of freedom." These words, she said to me, could never possibly have fallen from her lips; for she had already felt too many griefs to court any fresh sacrifices; and she could not think, without pain, of any new death-stroke to her family. She would not shrink from any necessary trial or struggle when the hour came for it, but she could not look forward with composure to any further lessening of her family, already too sadly broken. She regretted that such a remark should have been put in her mouth, "for," as she observed, "they were unmotherly words."

She said that she had been so long accustomed to sorrows that she had been trained to bear them. While living in Ohio, *four of her children died, from dysentery, within eleven days, three of whom were carried to the grave together on the same day!* She mentioned, in this connection, that her husband had always been a watchful nurse and the chief care-taker of the children, and of herself, during periods of sickness.

CAPT. BROWN'S RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

I adverted, in alluding to Capt. Brown's religious opinions, to the common report that he was an Old School Presbyterian. She replied that he had been a church-member ever since he was a boy; that he united, at sixteen years of age, with a Congregational church in Hudson, Ohio; and that on removing to Pennsylvania, thirty years ago, he transferred his membership to the Presbyterian church, with which he had since remained connected. She said that the religious element of his character had always been the ruling motive of his life. He had always observed religious exercises in his household with exemplary regularity. It had been for many years the custom of the family to read the Bible every morning, in regular course of chapters, each member reading in turn a verse. She said that her husband's familiarity with texts of Scripture was so great that he could detect almost the slightest misquotation of any passage, and that if a portion of a verse in almost any part of the Bible were read or repeated to him, he could immediately repeat the remainder. His conversation frequently abounded with Scripture texts, and his letters were always filled with them.

I asked if she knew what were his favorite passages, to which she replied:

"He had a great many; but one was, *Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.*"

How nobly his life has proved his deep-hearted sympathy for the slave!

In his habits of living his wife testified that he was always singularly self-denying. As an example, he never suffered himself or his family to wear expensive clothing. His standing admonition was, "Let us save the money, and give to the poor." Day before yesterday, when some clothes were sent from New York to Mrs. Brown to go in a box to her husband, among the articles was a new coat of fine brown cloth, which, when it was shown to her, she immediately pronounced too gay for her husband to wear. It was accordingly sent back; and last evening there came in return a coarser coat, which would better suit his taste, and which the brave old Puritan might not think too good for him to put on! He never in his life has used tobacco or ardent spirits, and never, until within the last few years, has taken tea or coffee. His mode of living has been so rigidly temperate that, in Kansas, he would sometimes go for days with scarcely a mouthful of food, and suffer no faintness or exhaustion.

HIS LONG MEDITATED DESIGN.

I referred incidentally to the design upon Harper's Ferry as having been premeditated for two years, to which she immediately replied—

"NOT FOR TWO YEARS BUT FOR TWENTY!

He had been waiting twenty years for some opportunity to free the slaves; we had all been waiting, with him, the proper time when he should put his resolve into action, and when at last the enterprise at Harper's Ferry was planned, we all thought that the time had now come; Mr. Brown was sanguine of success; we all were equally confident; he had no idea, nor did any of the family, that the experiment would result in defeat; we all looked to it as fulfilling the hopes of many years."

As I listened to this, I could not help half exclaiming, "What heroic words! What a man! What a woman!"

I wrote down these sentences a few moments after they were uttered, and as I repeated them she added—

"For he has borne the yoke of the oppressed as if upon his own neck for these thirty years!"

She made several and repeated references to various newspaper accounts in which her husband's character had been misrepresented. She had been pained to see him described as a cruel man, for, as she said, "No man ever had a kinder heart. He is generous by nature. He has always taught his children to be unselfish; to act always for others before acting for themselves. His sympathies for the poor and the oppressed have always been too easily excited."

I inquired as to his habit of carrying fire arms about his person. She said that since the many threats upon his life during and since his efforts in Kansas, he had carried a revolver, but never before.

IS HE INSANE?

I then put the question which I had been chiefly solicitous to ask: "It is the common talk of the newspapers that Capt. Brown is insane; what do you say to that opinion?"

"I never knew," she replied, "of his insanity, until I read it in the newspapers. He is a clear-headed man. He has always been, and now is, entirely in his right mind. He is always cool, deliberate, and never over-hasty; but he has always considered that his first perceptions of duty, and his first impulses to action, were the best, and the safest to be followed. He has almost always acted upon his first suggestions. No, he is not insane. His reason is clear. His last act was the result, as all his other acts have been, of his truest and strongest conscientious convictions."

After these statements, supported as they are by other and abundant evidence, how can any man believe that Capt. Brown is insane? His project is easily characterized as mad, as any other daring and hazardous exploit is apt to be called, particularly after it is seen to have failed. But the attempt for the deliverance of the Virginia Slaves did not seem rash to Capt. Brown or to his confederates, and, if it had been successful, would never have seemed crazy even to the newspapers. John Brown's insanity means simply John Brown's failure.

HIS RECENT LETTERS TO MRS. BROWN.

I may mention that I saw last evening a letter from Capt. Brown to his wife, dated November 8th, and brought away by the lady who visited him at Charlestown. This letter is too private, and, I might almost say, too sacred to be exposed in print to every eye. Mrs. Brown is unwilling that it should be made public, both for her own sake and her husband's. But I violate no confidence in saying that this letter, written in prison, is no less remarkable than the memorable speech delivered in court. It breathes the same heroic spirit; it is marked by the same simplicity of style; it expresses the same conscientious conviction of the rightfulness of his undertaking; it exhibits throughout the same unwavering courage, and the same strong faith in God. To the many overflowing expressions of his sympathy for his wife and children, given in this letter, I do not feel at liberty to allude, further than to say that they are as warm, as tender, and as delicate as ever were written by a husband to a wife. They prove that his delicacy is equal to his courage, and that his heart is not only as brave as a hero's, but as tender as a child's.

During the evening another letter came direct from the prison, dated November 10th. This fresh message was briefer than the other, but of the same character and in the same spirit.

A BOX FOR CAPT. BROWN.

For several days past, until last evening, Mrs. Brown had been actively engaged, aided by some female friends, in preparing articles of clothing to be sent to her husband. A sewing-machine had been busy at work from morning till night for two days. Last evening the box was packed, and this morning sent to the cars, containing shirts, stockings, pocket-handkerchiefs, a pair of easy slippers, some writing materials, two or three favorite books, and some preserved fruits and other delicacies. A great many of the friends crowded around it, each anxious to add something for the old man's comfort, before the cover was nailed on. From this scene Mrs. Brown retired, sobbing, to another part of the room, and for a few moments was unable to control her emotion, exclaiming, "Poor man! he will not need them long!"

But perhaps the troubled Governor of Virginia, and his Sheriff who is making ready for the Second of December, may find, before the time shall roll around, some other victim to keep up the honor of the fatal Friday, and may be glad, after all, not to hang the brave old man!

THE VISIT TO CAPT. BROWN IN PRISON.

The lady whose visit to Charlestown has already been mentioned, went there chiefly to assist Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, whom she expected to meet in the prison; but as Capt. Brown had meanwhile written to Mr. Child not to come, the new volunteer nurse found herself an entire stranger (except to her son who accompanied her) in a community not over disposed to be hospitable to strangers. She arrived at Charlestown shortly after Capt. Brown's speech in court. She spent more than two days in vain entreaties with the Sheriff to secure admission to the jail. Hearing that Capt. Brown, whom she had informed of her arrival, was anxious to see her, and not being willing to take the Sheriff's short answers after her long journey, solicited Mr. Sennott's aid; who at last persuaded the judge to grant a permit of entrance.

She refers to the visit in the jail as one of touching interest. She obtained two interviews, the first of an hour, and the other for a shorter period.

She describes the prison as a large brick building that seemed to have been formerly used as a dwelling-house. Captain Brown was occupying, with his fellow prisoner, Stephens, a room on the ground floor, about sixteen feet square, opening with a single door into a long gallery, and lighted through a single small window, grimly defended by heavy double bars.

Mrs. S——, on entering found Capt. Brown lying on a cot, and Stephens on a large double bed. Capt. Brown arose from his bed to receive his guests, and stood a few moments leaning against the bedstead, immediately lying down again from weakness. His visitors were struck with the cheerfulness of his expression, and the calmness of his manner. He seemed not only passively resigned to his fate, but cheerful under it, and more than willing to meet it.

My friend said to him,

"I expected Mrs. Child would be here to introduce me; I am sorry not to find her, for her presence would make this room brighter for you!"

He smiled and replied:

"I have written to her the reasons why she should not come; but she was very kind—very kind!"

Some questions were then asked as to the treatment and care he had received; to which he said:

"I wish it to be understood by everybody, that I have been very kindly attended; for if I had been under the care of father or brother, I could not have been better treated than by Capt. Avis and his family."

Capt. Avis is the jailor, of whom all the report speak in high terms for his humane and courteous conduct not only to these but to all his prisoners.

When another allusion was made to Mrs. Child, Capt. Brown remarked:

"The reason why I did not wish her to come, and why I did not wish my wife to come, was for fear lest they would be harassed and annoyed, and that on this account I would be troubled myself."

A BUNCH OF LEAVES.

Mrs. S—— had carried with her into the jail a large bunch of autumn leaves, gathered in the morning from the woods. There was no nail on the wall to hang them by, and she arranged them between the grated bars of the window. She gave to the sufferer a full-blown rose, which he laid beside his cheek on his pillow. The old man seemed to be greatly touched with these tokens of thoughtfulness. He is said to have always been a great lover of nature, particularly of the grandeur of forest scenes.

Mrs. S—— drew a chair near his bedside, and taking out her knitting, sat by him for an hour. She has preserved his complete conversation, of which I can give only a small portion. She says:

"I never saw a person who seemed less troubled or excited, or whose mind was less disturbed and more clear. His remarks are pointed, pithy, and sensible. He is not in the least sentimental, and seems to have singularly excellent common-sense about everything."

She asked him the direct question—"Were you actuated, in any degree, in undertaking your late enterprise, by a feeling of revenge?"—adding that a common impression to that effect had gone abroad.

He manifested much surprise at this statement, and after pausing a moment replied—

"I am not conscious of ever having had a feeling of revenge; no, not in all the wrong done to me and my family in Kansas. But I can see that a thing is wrong and wicked, and can help to right it, and can even hope that those who do the wrong may be punished, and still have no feeling of revenge! No. I have not been actuated by any spirit of revenge!"

He talked a good deal about his family, manifesting solicitude for their comfort after he was gone, but expressing his great confidence and trust in God's kind Providence in their behalf.

When some allusion was made to the sentence which he had received, he said very deliberately and firmly, and as my friend says, "almost sublimely"—

"I do not think I can better serve the cause I love so much, than to die for it!"

She says that she can never forget the impressive manner in which he uttered these solemn words. She replied:

"It is not the hardest thing that can happen to a brave man to die: but it must be a great hardship for an active man to lie on his back in prison, disabled by wounds. Do you not dread your confinement, and are you not afraid that it may wear you down, or cause you to relax your convictions, or regret your attempt, or make your courage fail?"

"I cannot tell," he replied, "what weakness may come over me, but I do not think that I shall deny my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, as I certainly should if I denied my principles against slavery."

When the conversation had proceeded thus far, as it was known outside the jail that a Northern lady was inside, a crowd began to collect, and although no demonstration of violence was made, yet there were manifest indications of impatience; so that the sheriff called to the jailer, and the jailer was obliged to put an end to the interview.

A SECOND INTERVIEW IN PRISON.

A second visit was made on the second day afterward. The popular excitement had grown so great on account of the first visit, that on the intervening day it was deemed unadvisable to attempt another. Mrs. S—— says:

"When I went into the prison the second time, I found Capt. Brown sitting at the little deal table, engaged in writing. He had just been adding something to his letter to his wife. I shall never forget his appearance. He seemed perfectly noble and grand. His countenance seemed as if it had been illumed by the letter which he was writing. His expression was of great earnestness, cheerfulness, and faith. The memory of this brief interview is even more vivid than of the other."

Mrs. S—— designs, at some future period, to publish an entire account of these two interviews, with full details of Capt. Brown's conversations.

—I have written, quickly and roughly, these random notes of my friend's visit to the prison and the prisoner, and of my own conversation with the hero's wife, preserving, as nearly as possible, the exact words of the narrators, and certainly not missing their true meaning and spirit. They serve to show, what scarcely need be added as a comment; that Capt. John Brown is a noble old man—that he performed his daring deed from the noble motive of a long cherished purpose to do his utmost for the deliverance of an oppressed race—and that his name, as it shall pass from the gallows into history, will carry with it a clear record of a pure and honorable life;—while his sterling integrity, his rare decision of character, and his sublime Christian faith, show him to be a true son of the Pilgrims, whose ancient Puritan blood will flow in his veins now only for a few days more!

THEODORE TILTON.

Wednesday, November 16th.

A FRESH PANIC.

A sensible man has risen on the Virginia horizon—and the event creates as complete a panic as the appearance of a comet used to excite before the aspect of those heavenly bodies had become so familiar. The whole State is in commotion. The Governor's organ is in a state of immense excitement, and we look for an immediate proclamation from the facile pen of Gov. Wise, decreeing martial law and putting the militia of the Old Dominion on a war footing for the irrepressible conflict which the advent of this phenomenon seems likely to provoke.

A Mr. Parkins, who edits the *Clarke Journal*, "a weekly sheet, published in Berryville, Clarke county, Va., as the *Enquirer* informs us, has taken the extraordinary notion into his head that the safety of Virginia does not require her Governor and her people to wade knee-deep into the blood of such Abolitionists as may fall into their hands. He ventures to think that even the execution of Brown and his companions is quite unnecessary, and will do quite as much harm as good to the character of the State abroad and to its peace at home. He speaks precisely as every sensible man must feel about the absurd and disgraceful panic into which the Harper's Ferry affair seems to have thrown the Virginians, and remonstrates, warmly and somewhat indignantly, against the exhibition of fear which they are incautiously making to the world at large.

The Richmond *Enquirer* is in consternation. Such "treason" on the soil of Virginia seems quite incredible. It attributes the apparition to Northern intrigue and Northern gold. Mr. Parkins must have been bribed to the utterance of these treasonable sentiments. But the *Enquirer* is especially anxious that Mr. Parkins should be taken care of. Whether he has not made himself liable to fine and imprisonment in the county jail" by his fearful crime, that paper submits to the people of his county. It is quite certain that they "owe it to their own *safety* to suppress this incendiary sheet." What a tinder-box the Old Dominion must be! It will be dangerous by and by for a sane man to look in that direction, lest the State should instantly explode. The opinion begins to be current in this latitude that the politicians and people are panic-stricken and insane—or else that they do not tell the truth when they deny that Slavery is an element of danger. Their conduct since Old Brown's capture has done more to convince fanatics that it would be perfectly safe to imitate his example, and that the Virginians stand in mortal dread of an insurrection among their slaves, than anything which has happened for twenty years previous. They will not owe it to their own sagacity if they fail to reap a fearful harvest from the seed they are now sowing.—*N. Y. Times.*

[If any of our readers can furnish us with an editorial from any other M. E. paper, which is a tithe as manly and as christian in its speech of John Brown, as is the following from the *Northern Independent*, we will gladly publish it.]

JOHN BROWN.

* * * * * *

The general object of Brown appears to have been commendable in the highest degree. What nobler design can any man have than to free the slave? His aim was good, all must admit, and if blamed, it can only be for the choice of measures. That he attempted to run slaves, rather than free them by the slow process of legal and social reform, is doubtless chargeable upon him, but to actors themselves must often be left the selection of means, and if they so determine, an exodus may be as constitutional as an emancipation act. The Stampede is only a practical use of the Bill of Rights which God incorporated in the charter of human existence. Legislation adds nothing to a man's rights, it merely helps maintain the rights with which the Creator endowed the race. The only question then is, was there a reasonable prospect for success in this case? It must be acknowledged there was not. Humanly the enterprise was hopeless and foolish. But let it not be forgotten that as much may be said of nearly all the great achievments that have blessed the world, and that too, whether conducted by God or man. In their incipient stages, these movements have uniformly appeared preposterous, and their originators have been awarded poverty, disgrace, and death. Nor is there any better way of serving a good cause, than to die for it. It is questionable whether John Brown could have done more than he has done. He can die, and it is death that the world wants; nothing so helps on a good cause as the death of its best friends. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." So also in the state. Its foundation is cemented by patriotic blood. Bunker Hill and its fellow fields of carnage tell the price of our civil liberties. Our African bondmen will have freedom, but not until the ground on which they have toiled, has been abundantly watered with their blood. The south will not allow a peaceable and legal enfranchisement; one of a different kind it cannot prevent. Pharoah had a call to the use of gentle means for emancipation, but as he did not choose to regard it, Providence took another way. What scenes of slaughter are reserved for the slave states of this Union, is of course hidden from us, but but nevertheless such scenes must come, if God has not changed his plan of governing the world.

In the light of these facts, the question of Brown's sanity is easily disposed of—he is no more insane than all the heroes and martyrs of the past. The very circumstances of the case prove him not only sane, but possessed of the very highest degree of intellectual and moral force. Of what more sublime or excellent thing is a man capable than to offer *himself* deliberately to death for the benefit of the oppressed? This Brown has done, and the highest upon the list of fame have done no more. The point was to die for a good cause, and he is likely to succeed. He seems impatient to mingle his blood with the blood of his martyred sons. The age capable of estimating him has not yet come. For the present, men will write him down as an insurrectionist, as a murderer, as mad; but posterity will rejudge such judgments and give him the honor due to the noblest of men. His speech before the court shows what was the state of the man's mind and morals, and is an unanswerable reply to all who impeach either his reason or his integrity.

SIX WEEKS OF PLUNDERING.

THE LOCALITY OF THE CORTINAS OUTRAGES—INEFFICIENCY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

We publish this morning some additional news from the Texas frontier respecting the doings of Cortinas and his band of marauders, which will startle the community hardly less than what had been previously known. It seems that after defeating the party of volunteers sent to attack him, near Brownsville, and capturing their artillery, he marched up the Rio Grande to a place called Rio Grande city, which he pillaged completely. It is a post village and port of entry, and the capital of Starr county, Texas, situated on the left bank of the river, about five hundred and fifty miles south by west of Austin city, and about two hundred in an air line from Brownsville. Steamboats ply regularly between this place and the mouth of the river, and it has a Custom-house and considerable trade. In the year 1853 it had a population of about one thousand inhabitants, which by this time must have increased largely, in consequence of the progress of settlement along the Rio Grande valley. We are told that Cortinas's band, which is alleged to number seven hundred men, robbed nearly every house in the place, cut off the mail communications, and threatened destruction to the town. The telegraph despatch speaks of Cortinas's force being in two bands, but whether both were together in this attack remains a mystery. He must have received considerable reinforcements to number such an array, and it would be interesting to know the material of which his bands are composed. A previous despatch spoke of his having received many recruits from the Mexican prisons, and from the robbers, always very plenty in Mexico. Another account mentioned his having been joined by the Tampacua Indians, probably some remnant of the Seminoles, known to be on the Rio Grande, and always ready to attack the Americans.

This outbreak began on the 28th of September, and is still unsuppressed, after the lapse of six weeks. Now, it is growing more formidable, and assuming the proportions of a local war. If this man Cortinas succeeds in combining under his standard all the restless and disinterested spirits in the valley of the Rio Grande on both sides of the river, without regard to race, his position will soon become too formidable to permit of his being easily subdued. The numerous and warlike tribe of Camanches might possibly join him, and he seems to have partisan skill enough to render him a match for ordinary antagonists. What the great state of Texas is doing all this while that a robber chief is plundering its towns and holding an entire section of country of large extent in terror, we cannot imagine. And, as for the general Government, the one company of troops it has sent from Baton Rouge will be of small account against a force of seven hundred men. Although this is a pretty commentary upon the efficiency with which our war department is managed.—*North American, November* 12.

COLUMBUS JONES.

The case of the kidnapping of Columbus Jones, now on trial in Massachusetts, and referred to for several days past under our telegraphic head, grows out of the following state of facts: Columbus Jones, who is reported to be a slave, secreted himself on board the brig Paterson, then lying in the harbor of Pensacola, and bound for Boston. After the vessel had been a few days out, Jones was discovered, and in consequence, the captain of the brig, John Orlando by name, endeavored to put, first into Key West, and afterward into Norfolk, for the purpose of landing him there, but was prevented by stress of weather. Finally, on the 8th of May last, he put into Hyannis, on Cape Cod, in order to make arrangements for sending back the negro. While on shore upon this business, Jones escaped from the vessel, but, upon false assurances of safety, was induced to return again on board. Orlando then proceeded to accomplish an arrangement with a Captain Brown, about to sail from Barnstable to Norfolk, to take the negro back to Norfolk, and to forward him thence to Pensacola. This arrangement was carried into effect, and is the kidnapping complained of. A case similar to this occurred several years ago at Boston, which led to the enactment of a statute designed especially to meet such cases. In the present case, two indictments have been found—one against Captains Orlando and Brown and two other persons; the second against these two persons and Orlando, leaving out Brown. The first indictment includes three counts—one based on the Kidnapping act, the second on one of the sections of the Personal Liberty bill, and the third charging conspiracy. The trial is before Judge Allen of the Superior Court, and the leading counsel for the defense is Caleb Cushing. The first step taken by the defense was a plea to the jurisdiction of the Court, setting out that Jones was a fugitive slave, and that the defendants were acting as agents for the owner, and denying the authority of the Legislature of Massachusetts to make any laws touching such a case. The plea was overruled, on the ground that the constitutionality of the laws on which the indictment was founded was a question for the Supreme Court.—Two successive attempts to avoid the trial were then made by the defendants; both of which were overruled by the Court, and the case is now before the Jury.—*Tribune.*

THE CASE OF COLUMBUS JONES.

BARNSTABLE, Mass., Wednesday, Nov. 16.

The case of the fugitive slave, Columbus Jones, was resumed to-day. Judge Allen overruled the motion for continuance. The defendants then claimed an appeal from the decision of the Court sustaining the demurrer, and moved for a suspension of the case under the 26th section of the statute establishing the Superior Court. This was overruled. The Jury was then impanneled and the case opened by the District Attorney. Twenty-five witnesses were called for the Commonwealth, and nine or ten have been examined. Capt. Bacon, master of the schooner Elizabeth B. who carried away the fugitive, was among those examined. No facts have been developed that have not been heretofore published.

BARNSTABLE, Mass., Thursday, Nov. 17, 1859.

Before the adjournment on Wednesday evening, the principles of law concerning jurisdiction in Hyannis Harbor were brought in question. The District Attorney stated his views at length, claiming jurisdiction in the State, and that the offenses committed were such as could be tried in Barnstable. Gen. Cushing stated briefly the positions of the defense. Mr. Sanford went on till the adjournment, and again this morning, at great length, to sustain his positions. When he had concluded his speech, the Court said that the testimony on that point might proceed, and reserved the expression of his views of the law. The Government finished their case, and Mr. Scudder opened the defense. He contended that what was done was not within the local jurisdiction; that the slave was an involuntary deposit in the hands of the captain of the Orlando, which he was bound at common law to keep safely, and return; and that, under the Constitution of the United States, the defendants were bound to restore the fugitive.—About twenty-five witnesses were called and sworn, among them were W. Raymond Lee and E. N. Winslow, civil engineers. The defense then went on to put in evidence from depositions taken in Pensacola.

Objections were made to the evidence at every point, and much of the testimony was excluded. The question of whether the subsequent ratification of the acts of the defendants to the owner of the slave would have the effect of an original agency, was fully discussed, and decided against the defendants. A large audience including many ladies, was in attendance.

Mr. Hall editor of the *News*, at Nashville, recently shot the editor of the *Union*, of the same city—a Mr. Poindexter. The difficulty, which resulted in the immediate death of Mr. P. grew out of a newspaper controversy.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO, NOVEMBER 26, 1859.

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☞ $1 50 *PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.* ☜

OFFICIAL ACTION.

At a stated meeting of the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society held in Salem, Ohio, November 6th, 1859, the following Preamble and Resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, Captain JOHN BROWN, who has been sentenced by the Government of Virginia to be publicly hung on the 2nd of December next, because of his recent attempt at Harper's Ferry to practically establish upon Virginia soil the doctrines of the Declaration of American Independence: and

Whereas, In that attempt he did only what the charter of our political rights *fully* authorised him to do, observing in his course toward the foes of humanity, a moderation and a forbearance as unusual among warriors as it was commendable; and although the Western Anti-Slavery Society does not in its organized capacity resort, or propose to resort, to any measures of physical coercion for the overthrow of slavery, yet we, its Executive Committee, recognize in Captain JOHN BROWN, a true friend of impartial liberty, working out his own convictions of right, by means which he believed to be justified of God: therefore

Resolved, That in case Virginia shall persist in executing the sentence of its court upon Captain BROWN, we recommend to the members of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and to all the true friends of freedom in the West, to observe the 2nd of December as a day consecrated to a renewal of their anti-slavery energies, and to an increase of their anti-slavery efforts; and that on that occasion they publicly or privately testify, in such manner as commends itself to their judgment, to their hatred of slavery, and their opposition to that government composed of *Democrats and Republicans*, which captured John Brown, and having shot down his sons by his side, handed the old wounded soldier to the authorities of Virginia for the mockery of a trial, and the ignominy of an execution.

Signed on behalf and by direction of Executive Committee:

JOHN GORDEN, *Chairman, pro. tem.*
BENJ. S. JONES, *Secretary.*

A SUFFICIENT, BUT UNSPOKEN REASON.

"We are asked to solicit and receive contributions in aid of the re-establishment of Mr. Wm. S. Bailey's 'Free South,' of which the printing materials were destroyed by a mob at Newport, Ky. It does not seem to us right to make the appeal required. The earnest Anti-Slavery men who could be expected to give anything for such an object are generally poor, and they have been taxed for such objects repeatedly. We apprehend that the money already expended on Mr. Bailey's paper might have been used to better purposes."—*New York Tribune.*

Subscribing for the *Tribune* and papers like unto it, would doubtless be considered by the writer of the above, a much better expenditure of means than sustaining such a paper as was the *Free South*, in such a location as Newport, Ky. The *Tribune* will hardly deny that the *Free South* was an anti-slavery paper, or that it was ably edited, or that it was doing a good work in Kentucky, or that such a paper was needed there, or that where the freedom of the press is struck down is *the* place to practically defend and maintain it.

The curious will perhaps be able to discover the *Tribune's* unspoken reason for turning a cold shoulder to the *Free South*, in the character of the sentiments contained in the following extract from a recent editorial in that paper. They are certainly anything but complimentary to the non-extension course of the Tribune, and those papers, which carefully abstain from attacking slavery where it is.

"Confining the war upon slavery to a mere opposition to its further spread, is like attempting to cure a cancer by applying the corrosive sublimate to parts where its roots might be supposed would extend, instead of applying it to the cancer itself, the result of which would be, that the sound flesh would become irritated, and the cancer, untouched, rage with encouraged malignity and spread its destructive fangs throughout the whole system. So it is in the attempt to confine slavery, the outside opposition only gives it more life and energy, and really tends to increase the efforts it seeks to overcome.

"Slaveholders bluster about the opposition to the introduction of slavery into the territories, but they have no fears on that account. On the contrary, they are at heart rather pleased with it, as it serves to divert the attention of the people in the free States from slavery itself, and affords food for the malcontents in the south who might otherwise stir up a discussion at home on the question of the policy of sustaining the 'institution.' They are content to *argue* the question of the propriety of extending slavery where it does not now exist, so long as no interference is attempted with their 'slave property' nor an encouragement given to free labor.

"But touch that property—attempt in ever so slight a degree, and ever so mildly, to restore that *property* to its original rights of manhood and freedom, and you touch the apple of the slaveholder's eye; you inflame not merely his avarice, but you arouse the fiercest and darkest passions of the human soul. He fails to find language in which to portray the enormity of your crime, or with which to define the terrible punishment that should fall on your devoted head.

"This shows distinctly what and where the evil is, at the *foot* of which the axe should be laid. The tree is Chattel Slavery, which grows and flourishes in the Slave States. The axe must not be struck at the branches or at the trunk, but at the root. The root is the holding of man as property. That is the thing—the principle—and must be preached out, talked out, written out, legislated out of existence. All efforts against slavery that have not this for their primary and final object, are as vain and useless as to throw up handfuls of sand against a strong wind to return upon and sully the garments of their projectors."

There will be two Democratic nominees for the Mayorality of New York. Fernando Wood is named by one branch of the party, while the Tammany men have nominated ere this Wm. F. Havemeyer; in which case, *successful or defeated* they will certainly har—e—meyer.

FAIR TIME

Is approaching, and the Managers greatly desire that the friends of the movement shall not only continually keep the subject before their own minds, but shall prompt their neighbors to helpful deeds.

Contributions of all articles whether for use simply, or for ornament, will be gladly received. No gift from the housewife will be out of place; no donation from the farmer can come amiss; no contribution from the merchant, mechanic or manufacturer can fail to help. From now until the 23rd be getting ready. If the Fair is a good one—which we all anticipate—it is necessary that *you*, and *you*, and *you* gather up your littles, in order to make the much we hope to see on that occasion.

REJOICE, AND BE EXCEEDING GLAD.

Who should rejoice? And *why* should they be exceeding glad? The members of the Federal government should rejoice, every man of them; and be exceeding glad, because with alacrity they performed their constitutional obligation to "protect Virginia against domestic violence;" and did it too, without any great outlay of money, or any great sacrifice of human life. A few only fell upon the battle field, and only a few more are doomed to death upon the scaffold. And what was the murder of John Brown's sons and two or three of their companions, and what is the strangling upon the gallows of the old man and three or four of his fellow captives, compared with the salvation of the Union, and the right of the South to whip niggers? Democrats should not be permitted to monopolize the entire glory of the achivement, for Republicans are equally entitled to the honor of fulfilling constitutional obligations at Harper's Ferry. Some of our over-sensitive Republican friends, who think they are able to perceive in politics a vast difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, will perhaps feel a little aggrieved by our opinion of the just distribution of the honors which have accrued from the Harper's Ferry victory; but the consistent and conservative members of the party, know that we speak only the truth—that we accord to them only what they claim as justly their due.

And now to the law and to the testimony. It is true that an administration chosen by Democrats, did the Harper's Ferry work; but they did it, *not* as the representatives of the Democratic party, but as the representatives, as the sworn and paid agents of a Government composed equally—or nearly so—of Democrats and Republicans. They did it in view of the binding obligations of their constitutional oath, which the members of these parties unitedly required of them as a moral bond for the performance of their official duties.

Some of the Democratic papers—perhaps most of them—claim the Virginia triumph as belonging exclusively to the Democratic party, and assert that a Republican administration would have been less prompt, and less willing to "protect Virginia against domestic violence." The *Washington Republic*, claiming to be the national organ of the Republican party, indignantly denies the charge, and says,

> "Seriously, the assumption that a Republican President would not as promptly and as willingly put down any such insurrectionary movement as a Democratic President, is too malicious and too ridiculous to merit a grave notice."

It is to be hoped that hereafter no anti-slavery Republican will be so "ridiculous," and so "malicious" as to assert the contrary.

The *St. Louis Evening News*, a Republican paper, recently published an editorial which will be found on our first page. We copied it from the *Cleveland Leader*, which gave it as an explanation and vindication of the Republican party, and without expressing dissent from any of its positions. The editor of the *News*—it will be seen—endeavors to show the lamentable results which would follow from a belief in the assertions of the Democratic press, that the Republicans were favorable to the Harper's Ferry attempt. He assumes that a Republican President will be elected in 1860; and the slaves, having heard from Democratic lips that the Republicans were their friends,

> "*The credulous and doomed creatures will believe it all—sad, fatal, hell-born lie though it be*—and they will dance with frenzied joy around their camp fires some night, and meet a dreadful and exterminating slaughter before the setting of the next day's sun?"

What can the South ask more than that? What stronger pledge of faith can the veriest Calhoun or McDuffee require? To what greater degradation can any party descend?

The millions of our country's embruted bondmen, struggling against the crushing weight of American despotism, see, in the success of the Republican party, the bright and morning star, the herald of approaching day. The weight is lifted from their hearts; the Spirit of Freedom has breathed into them the breath of life, and each slave has become a living soul. Their hope was a delusion—a "SAD, FATAL, HELL-BORN LIE." But led by this delusion, "*they dance with frenzied joy around their camp fires some night*," husbands and wives, parents and children are rejoicing in the new life which God has opened before them; their tumultuous joy drowns the heavy tramp of the approaching hosts of Republicanism, and their short-lived freedom is exchanged for "*a dreadful and exterminating*" slaughter. The next day's sun looks sadly down where lie heaps upon heaps of mangled forms—infancy and age, man in his strength, and woman in her weakness, indiscriminately slaughtered. Whole hecatombs are there sacrificed to the Demon of American Slavery, whose officiating high priest is the Republican party, and whose glory and reward it is to receive from the South the commendation of "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Such is a picture of Republicanism as recently drawn by one of its own artists. Friends of the slave, how do you like it?

WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

Harper's Weekly of the 19th inst., is certainly entitled to a high place in the above named category. Its artist, in one of his efforts, has far outdone the man who "painted picters as large as life, and twice as natural." On the first page, and occupying one half of it, is a pictorial illustration supposed to be suited to the times, which the types inform us is "A Southern Planter arming his slaves to resist invasion." The planter stands in the midst of the crowd with his wife hanging upon his arm, and they appear to be the only composed persons in the group, except a patriarch of the tribe, who is awkwardly holding in his arms, and evidently strained by the operation, massar George, or massar John—as the case may be—the hopeful scion of one of F. F. V's. The slaves, old and young, big and little stand around in various attitudes of excitement, armed with swords, guns, axes, hoes, cane-knives and pitchforks; and even the very dogs seem to have caught the spirit of patriotism, and to be eager for the fray. The planter appears to be speaking to one of his slaves—a stalwart negro—and although we have attentively studied his countenance, we cannot satisfactorily decide whether he is saying to that member of his household, "You may have hog and hominy for supper," or bidding him "Go where glory waits thee." The expression of his features will bear either interpretation equally well.

Perhaps the artist, in his modesty, will disclaim the merit of his design being wholly an imaginative work, and unassumingly describe it as fiction founded on fact, seeing it is written that Abraham armed his servants to resist invasion, or for some other purpose. Be that as it may, we should certainly like to see a *practical* illustration of this *pictorial* illustration. And as Virginia has 1500 of Brown's pikes, suppose her planters use them to arm their slaves so far as they will go, and station them along the Northern border to resist the invasion which the authorities are at present apprehending from certain evil disposed persons in Ohio and other States. We suggest that the slaves, when armed, be placed on the border, because that would more certainly insure the personal safety of their masters than to have them nearer home. Not having been accustomed to handle weapons of war, they might use them rather awkwardly; and although the magnetic needle invariably points *North*, we suspect that Brown's pikes, being differently constituted, would as invariably point *South*, and wielded by inexperienced hands might affect the planters unpleasantly.

DR. S. G. HOWE.

This gentleman, whose reputation for benevolence and philanthrophy is not confined to Boston or Massachusetts, was, in Cook's confession, implicated in the Harper's Ferry affair.

The Dr. in a letter recently published, disavows all knowledge of Cook, or the Harper's Ferry movement until after the blow had been struck. He pays a deserved and heartfelt tribute to Osawatomie Brown, and plainly intimates that such complicity as is attributed to him in Cook's confession, will, in time, be regarded as an honor.—Considering Massachusetts an unsafe place at present for any man to live who is suspected of manhood, he has sought refuge upon Victoria's soil. In concluding his letter, he says, "I am told by high legal authority that Massachusetts is so trammeled by the bonds of the Union that, as matters now stand, she cannot, or dare not, protect her citizens from such forcible extradition; and that each one must protect himself as he best may. Upon that hint I shall act; preferring to forego anything rather than the right to free speech."

We wish the conviction of that truth could be indeliably impressed upon the heart of every human being who treads Massachusetts soil. Let the people of the Bay State cease to talk about Personal Liberty Bills for the protection of fugitive slaves, until they have first created a public sentiment which shall make it safe for such a man as Dr. Howe to remain in his own domicile.

If the Harper's Ferry insurrection did nothing more, it has accomplished much good in showing the utter inability of the South to defend herself, in demonstrating the constitutional obligation of the North to take the side of the oppressor in a conflict between the slaves and their masters, and in proving beyond a peradventure that the so called *free states* cannot protect the rights of their own citizens so long as they remain a portion of the Federal Union.

Frederick Douglass in his English exile will almost be tempted to re-affirm what his lips uttered a few years since:—"I welcome the bolt; whether it be from heaven or from hell, that shall shatter into atoms the Federal Union." Let it speed.—The sooner the better; and not the better for the slaves alone, but the better for all who are blighted by that terrible covenant with death, that fearful agreement with hell, known as the Federal Constitution.

From a Correspondent of the New York Tribune.

THE YOUNG MAN COPPOCK.

SALEM, OHIO, Nov. 1, 1859.

Everybody is anxious to learn all possible particulars relative to the participants in the Harper's Ferry affair, and I am willing to contribute my mite of information.

The young man Edwin Coppic (improperly printed Coppie) is a native of this place, where he resided until some seven years ago, when he went to Iowa. He was left an orphan at an early age, and was provided with a home in the family of a benevolent Quaker, a friend of the Coppic family, who were also Quakers. He remained at this place some two or three years, exhibiting during that time such evidence of a depraved and vicious nature that his benefactor did not feel it his duty to befriend him further, and turned him loose. After a few years more spent in different places, he at last went to Iowa, where he remained until the commencement of the troubles in Kansas, when he emigrated to that territory, returning again to Iowa after peace was restored. One who knew him in Iowa after he had attained to manhood informs me that he enjoyed the reputation of a reckless, dare-devil fellow, possessing much more physical courage and fortitude than principle. After the cessation of troubles in Kansas, he was engaged with Brown in running off slaves from Missouri. Some few months since he passed through this place on his way East, as he said, and spent several days here with his former acquaintances. It is probable that he was then on his way to join Brown. L.

When we read the foregoing, we were not very favorably impressed with the character of a writer, who, under such circumstances as are now thrown around Coppock, would choose anonymously to defame the reputation of a condemned prisoner. Even if all he said were true, no christian would select such a time to proclaim it. Charity is said to cover a multitude of sins; and we are sure that such a deed for freedom as that done at Harper's Ferry, ought to atone for a multitude of faults. But it seems that according to the testimony of the "benevolent Quaker" above referred to, the first half of L's communication is a tissue of falsehoods, and the presumption is, that the other half is of the same color. The *Tribune* article was copied into the Pittsburg *Despatch*, where the writer of the following letter saw it, and thereupon sent his communication as appended to the *Republican* of this place.

EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN:—Having noticed an article in the Pittsburg *Dispatch* of the 8th instant, relative to the character of Edwin Coppock (not Coppie) one of the Prisoners at Charleston, Virginia, and knowing some of the statements therein contained to be incorrect, I believe it to be my duty in justice to the youthful character of said Edwin to endeavor to place before the public some facts known to myself and family. In the spring of 1842 his mother applied to me to take Edwin into my family and have the care of him, he then being, as we suppose near 7 years old, his father having died a few months previous to that time. He accordingly came without any time being fixed then, how long he should remain, and staid with us until the spring of 1850; during which time there was nothing particular to remark in point of character, except that he gave evidence of an unusually strong will in trying to carry out his own views, and also that he was very *fearless*, never manifesting anything like cowardice in times of danger or by night. He was a very industrious and careful boy, more careful and particular that everything was kept in its proper place on the farm and about the buildings, and to have his work done *well*, and prompt to have it done in the given time, than is common for boys of his age. In the spring of 1850 his Mother thought it best for her to move with some of her children to Iowa, and requested that Edwin should accompany them, and he being willing, I consented to it, though against my judgment of what was best either for Edward or his mother, and they accordingly moved and settled in Cedar county, Iowa, after which time we had no personal knowledge of his manner of life, but frequently understood that he was *industrious* and *economical*.

JOHN BUTLER.

☞Samuel J. May has returned from his European tour. He did the cause of freedom good service while abroad.

IMPORTANT FROM VIRGINIA! AN INSURGENT COW KILLED!!

For the last week or more the telegraph has daily been testifying to the fact that the Old Dominion is filled, if not with wars, at least with rumors of wars. The chivalry of that state, though vastly unlike cherubims in most things, have one resemblance to that heavenly tribe, inasmuch as "they do cry continually;" and their cry is "wolf! wolf!!" Remodling the maxim that "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty," they make it the price of slavery, and are endeavoring to expurgate from the State every thing suspected of Northern origin, always excepting primers, axe-helves, shoes, slave-whips, and the other necessaries of life drawn from the Northern States. Tin pedlars are solemnly warned to leave its soil, venders of patent medicines are forced to flee for their lives, photographic artists with their dangerous looking instruments are driven from its borders, and northern men generally denied access to the state.—Gov. Wise, in addition to the bushel of letters found in Brown's carpet bag, has received two or three bushels equally alarming in their character. Men in the North are organizing by thousands to *rescue* John Brown, Governor Chase and Marshal Johnson—two distinguished gentlemen of Ohio—have telegraphed to that effect, if we may believe unauthentic rumors. The military of the State have been called to arms, the Governor and his aids are running to and fro, encampments have been made and sentinels posted, and Virginia put in a state of complete defence. Gov. Wise, in the military line, is as confident, as sagacious, and as energetic as a certain lawyer we once read of, was in the legal walks of life; "Gentlemen," said he, addressing the jury, "I see a storm a-brewing, I smell a rat, and with your assistance I'll nip it in the bud."

Hostilities have already commenced, and one life has already been taken, as appears by the last telegraphic report. A cow—probably a brown one—who was challenged one night by a sentinel, being unable or unwilling to give the pass word, and refusing to "*halt*" when ordered to do so, was shot dead! Who were her accomplices, and what were her ulterior designs, if ascertained, have not yet been made public. Great apprehension are felt lest Brown's incendiary doctrines, failing to operate upon one class of chattles, have been received by another. Every cow and calf will be put under strict surveillance, the staff and army of Governor Wise of course excepted.

WRIT OF ERROR REFUSED.

The Virginia Court of Appeals has decided that the judgment of the Circuit Court in the case of John Brown is clearly right.

"And must Trelawny die?
Then forty thousand Cornish men will know the reason why."

A TIMELY SUGGESTION. WHO WILL HEARKEN TO IT?

[From a letter before us we copy the following extract. The counsel is not only wise, but eminently practical, and practicable.]

"I very much approve of the recommendation of the Ex. Com. of the Western Society, to commemorate, by anti-slavery observances the day of John Brown's execution. If I could gather an audience and get a speaker, a meeting might be held in this neighborhood, but there are so few of the right stripe around here, that an effort to get up such a demonstration would hardly pay. Presuming there are many who are similarly situated to myself, I want to suggest a manner of observing the day, in which every subscriber to your paper *can* and it seems to me, *ought* to unite."

"The Disunion movement is the only phase of anti-slavery that dares to vindicate the strike at Harper's Ferry. And believing that to be a righteous cause (as most every well informed abolitionist) I wish to suggest through your columns to *every* subscriber to the Bugle, that on the 2nd of December, he or she obtain at least *one* additional subscriber. If they have no acquaintance or neighbor whom they can induce to pay $1,50, let them put their hands *in their own pockets*, and direct a copy of the paper to be sent to some one who will be benefitted by it."

"If we had done our duty before, and tried to diffuse a knowledge of true anti-slavery in community, John Brown would not now be in a Virginia prison, or his two sons covered with Virginia clods. Subscribers to the Bugle, will you not give a practical response to my suggestion?

☞Can a shoemaker be said to be an infidel because he don't believe in the immortality of the sole?—*Exchange.*

If shoemakers speak the truth, they all do believe most firmly in the immortality of the *sole*.—It is their *customers* who are infidel to that faith.

THAT $250.

Mr. Griswold has written a letter in relation to the money which he took of John Brown *for* defending him. He admits the charge; but then the money was in pay for services rendered, and was not near so much as some other of the counsel charged, and so, and so, and so.

☞The Tribune announces the arrival of Charles Sumner from his visit of health to Europe.

CHIP BASKET.

$2,000 REWARD.—This is what Governor Wise offers for four Virginia Insurrectionists. We should not wonder if the market value of the article was reduced before long, and the supply exceeded the demand. Virginia is now willing to pay $500 for *one* insurrectionist; if she will possess her soul in patience, she may be able ere long to get *five hundred* of them for less than that.

The fire department of N. Y. had a sham funeral on the 21st inst. in honor of Broderick. The telegraph says "It was not so large as was expected, and some prominent men announced as pall bearers failed to be present." Glad to hear it. What business had the fire department to lend itself to such a political trick?

The Passenger Railway Cars, which the authorities of Pittsburgh recently stopped from running on Sunday, have again commenced their Sabbath trips. The Managers obtained a contract for carrying the U. S. mail, and the *railway* now being also a *mailway*, has a dispensation from Uncle Samuel for breaking the Sabbath.

An accident occurred last week on the Indiana Central railroad near Cambridge. A rail had been taken up from the bridge for repairs, and before it was replaced, a train of eighteen cars, loaded with hogs, attempted to cross, and thirteen of the cars fell through the bridge into the river. Three of the train hands were killed, and more than 500 hogs.

Rev. S. R. Sweetman, Swansea, Mass., has had sundry charges preferred against him by a Council of Ministers of the sect—Christian Baptist—with which he is connected, one of the specifications being, "borrowing a shirt, and not returning it."

A writer in the *Boston Investigator* proposes the following test to spiritual mediums—"That the spirits take John Brown out of prison, and thus prevent his execution." We second that motion; and are not particular whether the work is done by spirits *in* the body, or *out* of it.

Oscanyan, a native Turk, has prepared a Lyceum lecture on Turkey. Those who wish to have him "talk turkey" to them, must accordingly secure his services.

Thurlow Weed of Albany has sued the New York Herald for libel—the libelous matter consisting in the frequent assertions of that paper that Mr. Weed was engaged, with others, in fitting out vessels for the slave trade.

In Springfield, Mass., at the recent election one vote was cast for John Brown for Governor, and Lydia Maria Child for Lieutenant Governor. Pity they were not elected. Dr. How would then have found that Massachusetts could protect her citizens, and would not have left the State for safety as he has been obliged to do.

Iowa has more than trebled her population within the last nine years.

English papers state that the Great Eastern suffered severely in a recent gale. She did not prove to be quite as able to resist the powers of Neptune as her admirers have claimed she would be.

According to the Richmond *Enquirer*, the people of Virginia, so far from being in the least disposed to extend a pardon to John Brown and his confederates, are beginning to inquire "why they were not shot, like dogs, at the moment of their capture?" The answer to that question is not very difficult. As it happened, Brown and his men were not captured by the Virginia forces which had been assembled at Harper's Ferry. Those military gentlemen modestly declined that operation in favor of the United States marines sent from Washington. The marines have not yet come up to the point of shooting prisoners in cold blood, or even in hot blood, after all resistance is over. If the Virginians wished to have Brown and his companions shot like dogs—dispatched on the spot, without trial and without mercy—they should not have waited for the marines to make the capture. Nor do the reasons urged by the *Enquirer* in favor of such summary proceedings seem quite conclusive. Suppose Brown was a villainous pirate and assassin, it does not follow that he was therefore entitled to no trial at law, that he ought to have been hung at once, without the intervention of Judge or Jury. However resolved the good people of Virginia may be to have the lives of their prisoners, they ought at least be content to take them in a decent and orderly manner. It was enough that Thompson was dispatched after the method favored by the *Enquirer*. That journal, however, speaks under considerable excitement, occasioned by the fact that papers calling themselves conservative, and professing a special interest for the slave holding interests, should have been among the first and most urgent in recommending Brown's pardon. It looks upon this recommendation on the part of those journals as a mean and cowardly truckling to the abolition sentiment, in fact, as falling little short of an indirect indorsement and approval of his proceedings.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SALEM QUARTERLY MEETING.

At Salem Quarterly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress, held at Fairmount, O., Nov. 13th, 1859, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, John Brown and several of his associates, are under condemnation of death, for attempting to procure the liberty of slaves in Virginia;

And as we believe that all men have a natural birthright to freedom, and that John Brown was guilty of *no crime* in his efforts to secure them their liberty;

Therefore, Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with these men in their unfortunate situation, and that the final infliction of the penalty, will be in violation of the eternal principles of justice and humanity.

ISAAC TRESCOTT, } *Clerks.*
ESTHER HARRIS, }

EYE AND EAR, AND ARTIFICIAL EYES!

Dr. G. A. KNAPP, the eminent Oculist of Buffalo, is making a few visits to Cleveland and Salem. He exclusively cures Deafness and Diseases of the Eye and will insert Artificial Eyes.

He will be in Cleveland every Saturday, at 158, Superior St., opposite the Weddle House, and in Salem every Wednesday, at the Farquhar House.

Serious cases of Deafness or Blindness should present themselves early, as Dr. K's visits will be limited, but *regular*, once a week.

P. S. Dr. K's Book on the Eye and Ear may be had free of charge.

NOTICE.—The success which attends the practice of Dr. Knapp, Oculist of this city, is almost beyond precedent, if indeed it has ever had a parallel.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate. May 11th, 1854.*

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING WEST.

Leave	*Mail*	*Express*
Pittsburg	1.50 a m	1.45 p m
Columbiana	4.31 a m	4.31 p m
Salem	4.58 a m	4.58 p m
Alliance	5.48 a m	5.48 p m

GOING EAST.

Leave	*Mail*	*Express*
Crestline	7.20 a m	6.20 p m
Alliance	12.18 p m	10.38 p m
Salem	12.53 p m	11.13 p m
Columbiana	1.20 p m	11.38 p m

Mail Train arrives in Crestline at 10.15 a m, in Chicago, 10.45 p m.

Express Train arrives in Crestline at 10.15 p m., in Chicago 10.45 a m.

Mail Train arrives in Pittsburg at 3.50 p m.

Express Train arrives in Pittsburg at 2.10 a m.

Cleveland and Pittsburgh Road.

GOING SOUTH FROM ALLIANCE.

For Pittsburgh and Wheeling.

	Mail,	Express,	Accommodation,
Arrive,	11.53 a m		
Leave,	12.08 p m	10.42 p m	7.46 p m

GOING NORTH FROM ALLIANCE.—FOR CLEVELAND.

	Mail,	Express,	Express,
Arrive,			5.32 p m
Leave,	8.38 a m	5.35 a m	5.46 p m

THE FAIR
OF THE
WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

Will open on the twenty-third of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, in the Town Hall of Salem, under the auspices of more favor and interest than any Fair hitherto held in this community.

The object of this gathering is already well understood, and we need only add that each succeeding year with its increased guilt of slaveholding, and its sorrowful sacrament of agony and death increases our obligation to the slave, and should give a new impulse to indefatigable and unfaltering labor.

While the Slave in the South writhes and groans in his fetters unheeded by all, and the demand is, more chains for the captives of a foreign shore—while the free north is blushing with shame and dismay at the insult and outrage of a pro-slavery Government, our course is plainly forward and revolutionary. Light, love, and labor only, will secure the unconditional emancipation of the slave.

The results of the Fair are, without exception, appropriated to the dissemination of faithful, radical Anti-Slavery sentiments.

We have already a large assortment of rare fancy goods, and with the liberal aid of our tried and true friends, shall offer our generous patrons the finest display of the useful and the elegant.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
SARAH N. M'MILLAN,
SARAH BOWN,
MARGARET HISE,
EMILY ROBINSON,
J. ELIZABETH JONES,
ANGELINA DEMING,
ANN PEARSON,
LAURA BARNABY,
MRS. CHURCH.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY,

In the month of January next, in Boston,

1860.

In a year when Americans finds themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and and the foes of Slavery, everywhere in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christian, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous co-operation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice resolve and generous co-operation.

MARIA W. CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSEL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARNAM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA APTHORP,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW.

☞Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

AGENTS WANTED,

TO Solicit Orders for our $15, $20, and $25 Patent Sewing Machines. Salary $40 per month, with expenses paid. It is a practical machine for every family; so simple in its construction that a child can learn to run it, and half an hour's experience will enable a lady to operate with it well. Warranted equal to any high priced machines.

Address I. HALE Jr., & Co.,
Newburyport, Mass.

November 26, 1859-6w.

J. & L. SCHILLING,

Beg leave to announce the opening of their Second Large Stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Purchased to accommodate the requirements of cold weather and consequently embraces a full line of

Ladies Winter Dress Goods, Shawls, Cloaks, Hoods, Furs, Gauntlets, Embroideries, Men and Boys' Wear, Blankets, Carpets, Flannels, Ladies and Children's Shoes, &c., &c.

Together with a General Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Queensware and Groceries.

All of which have been purchased, owing to the lateness of the season at unusual low rates, and consequently we can sell you many kinds of Goods at enormously low prices.

Thankful for past favors and soliciting an early examination of the above Stock.

We remain yours, Truly,
J. & L. SCHILLING.

Salem, Nov. 10, 1859.

SIXTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE

COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.

From all sections of the country subscribers to this popular Art Institution, (now in its sixth year,) are being received in a ratio unparelled with that of any previous year.

Any person can become a member by subscribing $3

WHICH WILL ENTITLE HIM TO

First, The beautiful Steel Engraving, "Shakspeare and His Friends."

Second, A Copy of the elegantly Illustrated Art Journal, one year.

Third, A Free Season Admission to the Galleries, 548 Broadway, New York.

In addition to which, over Four Hundred valuable Works of Art are *given* to subscribers as Premiums, comprising choice Paintings, Sculptures, Outlines, &c., by the first American and Foreign Artists.

The Superb Engraving, which every subscriber will receive immediately on receipt of subscription, entitled

'SHAKSPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS,'

is of a character to give unqualified pleasure and satisfaction. No work of equal value was ever before placed within reach of the people at such a price. The Engraving is of very large size, being printed on heavy plate paper, 30 by 38 inches, making a most superb ornament suitable for the walls of either the library, parlor or office.

It can be sent to any part of the country, by mail, with safety, being packed in a cylinder, postage *pre paid.*

Think of it! Such a work delivered *free of charge* and the *Art Journal* one year, for *Three dollars.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS will be received until the Evening of Tuesday the 31st of January, 1860, at which time the books will close and the Premiums be given to subscribers.

No person is restricted to a single subscription. Those remitting $15 are entitled to six memberships.

Subscriptions from California, the Canadas, and all Foreign Provinces, must be $3 50 instead of $3, in order to defray extra postages, &c.

Persons wishing to form clubs will apply for a circular of terms, &c.

The beautifully Illustrated Art Journal, giving full particulars, will be sent on receipt of 18 cents, in stamps or coin.

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Subscriptions also received by
ISAAC N. WRIGHT, *Hon. Sec., for Salem and vicinity.*

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Wholesale and Retail. A large stock and great variety of Foolscap Mercantile Post, Bath Post, Commercial Note and Billet Papers of various sizes, plain and fancy. Envelopes, plain and fancy, and all sizes; Unruled Papers, Drawing Paper in roll, Tracing Cloth, Pattern & Tissue Paper, and materials for flowers. Arnold's Maynard & Noyes, Copying, Carmine, Red and Indelible Inks, Copying Books, Blank Books, Memorandums and Pass Books in great variety. Writing Books, Slate Pencils, Pelton's Outline Maps, Steel Pens, &c.,

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Inkstands, Artists' Colors and Brushes, Purses, Pocket Books, Pictures, Penholders, &c. Printers' Cards, Reward and Visiting Cards. A large assortment of Wall Paper; cheap Window Fixtures, consisting of Rollers, Brackets, Cord, Tassels, Oil Cloth, Oil Shades, plain and fancy Paper, all of which the public is invited to call and examine.

"All of our customers, who come by night,
Will see our name in letters of living light,"

in the front window. J. M'MILLAN.

Salem, Nov. 5, 1859.

George W. Manley,

AMBROTYPE

AND PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST,

SCHILLINGS' BLOCK, MAIN STREET,

SALEM, OHIO.

Salem, June 23, 1858.

JAMES SMILEY, M. D.

Office and Residence four doors West of WHINNERY & FIRESTONE'S DRUG STORE, South side of Main Street, Salem, Ohio.

Salem, July 31st. 1858.

A RESIDENCE WORTH $600

For Sale for $300.

SITUATED on EAST MAIN ST., NEXT WEST OF ISAAC TRESCOTT'S RESIDENCE.

Enquire of ISAAC TRESCOTT.

Salem, Oct. 1, 1859.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment Notes, Executions and Summons for sale at this Office.

Miscellaneous.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

We publish, on our first page, a well-written article upon this subject, from the pen of Mr. H. B. Vincent, of Chagrin Falls. The article contains much truth, and, as the author has but recently been married, is presumed to possess a peculiar interest. Our readers will do well to give it a careful perusal, if they cannot agree with all its positions.

The idea advanced by Mr. Vincent, though not new, seems to us absurd; and that is, if women could vote and hold office, the world would soon be revolutionised for the better. Intemperance and Slavery would vanish, and peace and love everywhere prevail. There is, perhaps, as much diversity of opinion among women as among men; and we have no reason to believe it would be otherwise, if they should exercise political power. As they are the greatest sufferers by intemperance, they might possibly do away with that evil, though it is by no means certain. But, in regard to Slavery, we could not hope for any better state of things than now exists. Southern women look as favorably upon the "peculiar institution" as Southern men, and are as righteously indignant at the conduct of the Black Republicans. Sensitive, benevolent, humane, they may be, and very many of them are; yet they are creatures of education, and believe that they can show the greatest kindness to the slaves by keeping them in their present condition. Does any one suppose that they would vote the Abolition ticket, while their husbands, fathers and brothers, are all pro-slavery men? Whether they would or would not, of course, does not affect the *right*; that is another question.

Mr. Vincent will enjoy the privilege of voting in company with his wife, whenever a majority of the women shall demand the elective franchise.—As yet, they have not done so; but whether they ever will, the future must determine.—*Jeffersonian Democrat.*

LOVE OF OFFICE.

Queer men must have lived in the days of Governor Winslow and Bradford, if we compare them with the generations now upon the stage. Just think a moment of men so averse to holding office that compulsory laws had to be enacted relating thereto. The authentic record informs us that in 1793 our Puritan Fathers enacted a law requiring that any person who should be elected thereafter to the office of Governor, should pay a fine of *twenty pounds sterling if he would not serve.* Strange, indeed it seems, when we view the scrambling after office that characterizes the present age. Fine them for being unwilling to wear the honors! The trouble now is to find a candidate who is content to remain unchosen. By "hook or crook" each eligible one is determined to secure the office. It would be quite a new thing under the sun to see our administrators at Washington imposing a fine on those who refuse to share political promotion. Their perplexity now is, among the army of office seekers that infest head quarters, to decide who shall be the fortunate individuals. Neither is it a trivial perplexity. We imagine that they are often at their "wits' end" to know where to bestow the bauble. A host of hands are up to catch it, while only one can grasp and hold it.

Governor Winthrop says in his journal—"Mr. Edward Winslow was chosen Governor of Plymouth, Mr. Bradford having been Governor about ten years, and now by *importunity having got off.*" By *importunity*—pleading, entreating, beseeching, and praying not to be elected. It becomes almost laughable to think of political wire-pullers importuning their friends to pass them by and leave them uncursed by office. We imagine that of the hundreds who besiege the dispensers of civil honors, a great portion of them have to be *importuned* to go home and be content to live in obscurity, for which they are singularly fitted.

There has surely been a great change in this regard since the days of the Puritans. Nor is it a change for the better. For this insane strife for political distinction leads to chicanery and fraud of the darkest dye. It has introduced elements of fearful character into our council halls. To-day portentous evils hang over us in murky clouds, in consequence of this insatiate love of honor. Yet not half the sins perpetrated for the sake of office ever come to the public eye. The unwritten history of this department is probably more strange and tragic than the written.

THE GREAT STRASBURG CLOCK.

Henry C. Wright, in a letter to the Liberator, thus describes the great clock in Strasburg Cathedral: The priests and militia have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock, from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about thirty feet wide, and 15 deep. Around me are many strangers, waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes of twelve. The clock has struck, and the people are gone except a few whom the sexton, or head man, with a wand and sword, is conducting around the building. The clock is struck in this way: The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or little boy, with a mallet, and over this dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, and that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet above the dial, in a niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands the figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hands of Time, and turns and glides, with a slow step around Time. Then comes out an old man, with a mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell that echoes through the building, and is heard all around the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on ready to perform his part, as the time comes around again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some 20 feet higher still. It is thus: There is a high cross with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck, one of the Apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows and walks on around to this place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows and passes on. So all the Apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow, pass on. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside of the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be taken for a real cock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1581, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it stood out of repair.

From the New York Tribune.

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY.

A BALLAD OF THE TIMES.

(Containing ye True History of ye Great Virginian Fright.)

John Brown in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons—all stalwart men of might;
There he spoke aloud for Freedom, and the Border-strife grew warmer,
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence—in the night—
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Came homeward in the morning—to find his house burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle and boldly fought for Freedom;
Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading band;
And he and his brave boys vowed—so might Heaven help and speed 'em!—
They would save those grand old prairies from the curse that blights the land;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his ramrod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men, and they labored day and even,
Saving Kansas from its peril—and their very lives seemed charmed;
Till the Ruffians killed one son, in the blessed light of Heaven—
In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed all unarmed;
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy—not amid the heat of battle,
But in peace, behind his plow-share—and they loaded him with chains,
And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad their cattle,
Drove him, cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out his brains;
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,
He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed and tore him so—
He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day and night; he
Would so pursue its footsteps—so return it blow for blow—
That Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town!

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue eyes grew wilder,
And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle from afar;
And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife waxed milder,
Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border War,
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Had gone crazy, as they reckoned, by his fearful glare and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes behind him—
Slipt off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born—
Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where to find him,
Or whether he'd turned parson, or was jacketed and shorn;
For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown.

He bought no plows and harrows, spades and shovels, or such trifles;
But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharp's rifles;
And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there again.
Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"Boys, we have got an army large enough to whip the town!

"Whip the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes and then arm them—
Carry the County and the State; aye, and all the potent South;
On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise to harm them—
These Virginians! who believed not, nor would heed the warning mouth."
Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not JOHN BROWN!"

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday—
"This good work," declared the captain, "shall be on a holy night!"
It was on a Sunday evening, and, before the noon of Monday,
With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates—black and white—
Captain Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the sentinel down;

Took the guarded armory building, and the muskets and the cannon;
Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by one;
Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on,
And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done.
Mad Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
With his eighteen other crazy men went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder, made he;
It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor *coup'd etat*:
"Cut the wires: stop the rail-cars: hold the streets and bridges!" said he—
Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star—
This Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown!
And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading, and expressing here and thither!
And the MARTINSBURG SHARPSHOOTERS and the CHARLESTOWN VOLUNTEERS,
And the SHEPHERDSTOWN and WINCHESTER MILITIA, hastened whither
Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers!
General Brown!
Osawatomie Brown!!
Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from Old Brown's durance,
And the effervescent valor of Ye Chivalry broke forth,
When they learned that nineteen madmen had the marvelous assurance—
Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them frightened forth;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Found an army come to take him, encamped around the town.

But to storm with all the forces we have mentioned was too risky;
So they hurried off to Richmond for the GOVERNMENT MARINES—
Tore them from their weeping matrons—fired their souls with Bourbon whisky—
Till they battered down Brown's castle with their ladders and machines;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!
In they rush and kill the game, shooting lustily away;*
And whene'er they slay a rebel, those who come too late for slaying,
Not to lose a share of glory, fire their bullets in his clay;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown
Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels—how they hastened on the trial—
How Old Brown was placed, half-dying, on the Charlestown Court-House floor—
How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial—
What the brave old madman told them—these are known the country o'er.
"Hang Old Brown,
"Osawatomie Brown,"
Said the Judge, "and all such rebels!" with his most judicial frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first poured by Southern hands;
And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury hissing through your slave-worn lands;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when you've nailed his coffin down!

* "The hunt was up—woe to the game inclosed within that fiery circle. The town was occupied by a thousand or fifteen hundred men, including volunteer companies from Shepardstown, Charlestown, Winchester, and elsewhere, but the armed and unorganised multitude largely predominated, giving the affair more the character of a great hunting scene than that of a battle. The savage game was holed beyond all possibility of escape."

[Virginia Cor. of Harper's Weekly.

SEPARATING THE SEXES IN SCHOOL.

On this point, Mr. Stowe, a celebrated Glasgow teacher, uses the following language.

The youth of both sexes of our Scottish peasantry have been educated together; and, as a whole, the Scotch are the most moral people on the earth. Education in England is given separately, and we never have heard from practical men that any benefit has arisen from this arrangement. Some influential individuals there mourn over the prejudice on this point. In Dublin a larger number of girls turned out badly who had been educated alone until they attained the age of maturity than those who were otherwise brought up—the separation of the sexes has been found to be injurious. It is stated, on the best authority, that of those girls educated in schools or convents apart from boys, the greater majority go wrong within a month after being let loose in society, and meeting the other sex. They cannot, it is said, resist the slightest compliment or flattery. The separation is intended to keep them strictly moral; but this unnatural seclusion actually generates the very principle desired to be avoided. We may repeat that it is impossible to raise the girls as high, intellectually, without boys as with them, and it is impossible to raise boys morally as high without girls. The girls morally elevate the boys, and the boys intellectually elevate the girls. But more than this; girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys, and boys are intellectually elevated by the presence of girls. Girls brought up with boys are more positively moral, and boys brought up in schools with the girls are more positively intellectual by the softening influence of the female character. In the Normal Seminary at Glasgow the most beneficial effects have resulted from the more natural course. Boys and girls—from the age of two or three years to that of fourteen or fifteen—have been trained in the same class room galleries and play grounds, without impropriety, and they are never separated, except at needle work.

WHAT HE MUST BE.—A young man, while undergoing an examination for the purpose of being admitted to the bar was asked:—"What are the Constitutional requirements which render a man eligible to the office of President of the United States?" He answered:—"He must be forty one years old, and *a mighty good Democrat!*

A CANDID MINISTER.—A minister in the North returning thanks in his prayers one Sabbath for the excellent harvest, began as usual: "O Lord we thank Thee," &c., and went on to mention its abundance and its safe ingatherings; but feeling anxious to be candid and scrupulously truthful, added, "all except a few fields between this and Stonehaven, not worth mentioning."—*Glasgow Commonwealth.*

From the New York Evening Post.

MR. DEXTER IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

"WONDROUS DEEDS"—HE HAS A VISION AND MAKES A MACHINE.

Our readers will remember that the ingenious Mr. Dexter, who formerly kept an oyster saloon at the corner of Blecker street and Broadway, attracted numerous visitors to his place by an exhibition of dancing hats, which, placed on the counter or floor, tripped about without any visible agency, in good time with a violin which discoursed music without human touch. These strange phenomena created quite a sensation among spiritualists, and, we believe, converted several skeptics to a faith in superhuman agencies. Many prominent spiritualists visited the place and expressed entire satisfaction. They were unable to detect any trick, notwithstanding they examined the sub-basement, and why a hat, placed upon a plain board, should dance, unless moved by a departed spirit, was what they could not understand.

On a given day, however, Mr. Dexter disabused the minds of his friends, and to their utter amazement showed them that the performance was effected by ingenious machinery, in the construction of which he had been aided by a spiritualist. The counter and floor were perforated by numerous holes, and wires of almost imperceptible size were arranged, converging to a hole (formerly a well) under the basement steps, where a man worked the machine without any danger of discovery. As to the music, a man under the floor played a violin directly beneath the one which was seen by the spectators, and the sounds seemed to proceed from the visible violin.

Mr. Dexter next opened his exhibition in the floating bath-house off the Battery, and added a new wonder. He would hang a hat up, apparently on the smooth wall, where it would hang as if held by invisible power. "Now," says Dexter to his spectator, "wave your hand about your head and tell it to come down." No sooner had the spectator performed this mystic motion, and ordered the hat to drop, than down it fell.

Mr. Dexter has, it seems, determined once more to astonish mankind with his performances. He has issued cards, announcing "Wondrous Deeds, No. 4 Carroll Place, (Bleecker street,)" and the public, at twenty-five cents each, can enter the parlor and witness the strange performances, and Mr. Dexter has a bar" at which his customers can regale themselves with liquors and cigars.

In the parlor he has erected a curious sort of circular table, with a brace to each of the four legs. The top of the table is a rim, perhaps four inches wide, painted black, with the alphabet in large white letters on the upper side. In the centre is a small black rod extending to the floor, where it rests on a cross bar of brass, and to the upper end of which is attached a small index. When "the circle" is ready to witness the phenomena, Mr. Dexter calls upon the index to begin, whereupon it commences to revolve, stopping at certain letters and spelling out a message. 'I am happy to meet you here," was one of the messages spelled out recently. 'Who is happy to meet me?' 'Your departed friend' was the reply, from which it would appear that the agencies which Mr. Dexter invokes do not adopt the approved orthography.

Mr. Dexter has also a piano which he calls upon to play, and immediately one hears sounds which might be produced by touching the wires of a piano, or the strings of a violin.

Mr. Dexter has taken a title. He is no longer plain Mr. Dexter; he is "Professor" Dexter. Furthermore, the Professor claims to have had a vision, in which the machine was, to use his own words, "presented to his imagination." He is not certain whether he was awake or asleep; but as nearly as he can recollect he was about half asleep and half awake. He tried several machines, but none of them would work, until he followed his vision and constructed the one described.

A spiritualist visited Mr. Dexter recently, and in the course of conversation asked him if he was not spoken of often in Judge Edmond's book. Mr. Dexter replied that it was very likely, as there had been considerable printed about him, and the spiritualist was evidently impressed in no small degree with Mr. Dexter's importance, and manifested his respect by calling him Dr. Dexter. The Professor did not take the trouble to explain that he was not the Dr. Dexter who assisted Judge Edmonds to write his first book on spiritualism, but seemed quite willing to enjoy the greatness unexpectedly thrust upon him.

It is due to Mr. Dexter to add that he charges no admittance to his bar-room.

THE MCFLIMSEYS.—The New York *Express* charged the ladies with over-dressing. Miss Flora McFlimsey sends a letter in reply. We quote: "I call upon you first, sir, to look at me in my ball dress; and I select that because it is supposed that a woman in a ball dress is the costliest dressed of all women. Sir, I have not clothes enough on, as everybody can see, to keep a woman warm, to say nothing of what propriety and decency require. There is not a beggar in New York who does not go into the street with more clothes than I have on, and yet you have the impudence to abuse me, when I reiterate, with solemn truth, my 'Nothing to Wear.' There is nothing on my arms: look at them, sir, for you may as well look at them as any other body in the street. There is nothing on my arms, from my wrists onward and upward, as you can readily see. Eve herself, in Paradise, was scarcely with less clothing than I have here on these two arms. Then there is nothing on my neck, or the next thing to nothing; and if a poor, humble woman of this world can wear less on her shoulders than I, the Belle Flora, wear, I should like to see and aid the poverty of that hapless woman. My robe is looped up over my shoulders, and hence the neck, bust, arms, &c., that God blessed me with when I came into the world, are just as he gave them to me! Now, sir, if you do not blush when you see this, or when I tell it to you, all I can say is, blushing has departed from man."

"In short, ladies and gentlemen," said an very much overpowered orator, "I can only say I beg leave to add I desire to assure you that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart."

Vulgar boy, from the gallery, "Won't a pane in your stomach do this time?"

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